

*Ferdinand.*  
Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies string patrons:

*Cost.* Not a vword of Costard yet.

*Ferd.* So it is.

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

*Ferd.* Peace,

*Clow.* Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

*Ferd.* No words,

*Clow.* Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

*Ferd.* So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the sixth houre, when beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walke upon, it is clipped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous enant that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minor of thy myrth, (Clown. Meed?) that vntutered small knowing soule, (Clow. Meed?) that shallow vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, bight Costard, (Clow. O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Editt and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

*Clow.* With a Wench.

*Ferd.* With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie pricketh me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

*Anth.* Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

*Ferd.* For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

*Don Adriana de Armado.*

*Ber.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

*Fer.* I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

*Clow.* Sir I confesse the Wench.

*Fer.* Did you heare the Proclamation?

*Clow.* I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*Fer.* It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

*Clow.* I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

*Fer.* Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

*Clow.* This was no Damofell neyther sir, There was a Virgin.

*Fer.* It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

*Clow.* If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

*Fer.* This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

*Clow.* This Maide will serue my turne sir.

*Kim.* Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

*Clow.* I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

*Kim.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper: My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore, And goe we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

*Bero.* Ile lay my head to any good mans har, These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scoone. Sirra, come on.

*Clow.* I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

*Enter Armado and Mosch his Page.*

*Arma.* Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

*Boy.* A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

*Brag.* Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

*Boy.* No no, O Lord sir no.

*Brag.* How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuuenall?

*Boy.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

*Brag.* Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

*Boy.* Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

*Brag.* I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

*Boy.* And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

*Brag.* Pretty and apt.

*Boy.* How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

*Brag.* Thou pretty because little.

*Boy.* Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

*Brag.* And therefore apt, because quicke.

*Boy.* Speake you this in my praise Master?

*Brag.* In thy condigne praise.

*Boy.* I will praise an Ecce with the same praise.

*Brag.* What? that an Ecce is ingenuous.

*Boy.* That an Ecce is quicke.

*Brag.* I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my blood.

*Boy.* I am answer'd sir.

*Brag.* I loue not to be crost.

*Boy.* He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not

*Br.* I haue promis'd to study in, yeres with the Duke.

*Boy.* You may doe it in an houre sir.

*Brag.* Impossible.

*Boy.* How many is one thrice told?

*Br.* I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

*Boy.* You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

*Brag.* I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

*Boy.* Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

*Brag.* It doth amount to one more then two.

*Boy.* Which the base vulgar call three.

*Br.* True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Brag.* A

*Brag.* A most fine Figure.

*Boy.* To proue you a Cypher.

*Brag.* I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is bale for a Souldier to loue: so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuic'd curtise. I thinke scoone to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue?

*Boy.* Hercules Master.

*Brag.* Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Boy.* Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

*Brag.* O well-knit Sampson, strong ioyned Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Mosch?

*Boy.* A Woman, Master.

*Brag.* Of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

*Brag.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of the sea-water Greene sir.

*Brag.* Is that one of the foure complexions?

*Boy.* As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

*Brag.* Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Boy.* It was so sir, for shee had a Greene wit.

*Brag.* My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

*Boy.* Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

*Brag.* Define, define, well educated infant.

*Boy.* My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

*Brag.* Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

*Boy.* If shee be made of white and red, Her faults will nere be knowne: For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred, And feares by pale white shewne: Then if she feare, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For still her cheekes possesse the same, Which nature she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

*Brag.* Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

*Boy.* The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

*Brag.* I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall binde Costard: she deserues well.

*Boy.* To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

*Brag.* Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in loue.

*Boy.* And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

*Brag.* I say sing.

*Boy.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.*

*Const.* Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

*Brag.* I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

*Maide.* Man.

*Brag.* I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

*Maide.* That's here by.

*Brag.* I know where it is situate.

*Maide.* Lord how wise you are!

*Brag.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Maide.* With what face?

*Brag.* I loue thee.

*Maide.* So I heard you say.

*Brag.* And so farewell.

*Maide.* Faire weather after you.

*Clow.* Come Iaquenetta, away. *Exeunt.*

*Brag.* Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Clow.* Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

*Brag.* Thou shalt be heauily punished.

*Clow.* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Clow.* Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

*Boy.* Come you transgressing slaue, away.

*Clow.* Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

*Boy.* No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Clow.* Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

*Boy.* What shall some see?

*Clow.* Nay nothing, Master Mosch, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

*Brag.* I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butshaft is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

*Fine Actus Primus.*